The Golden Book of Carols

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The Golden Book of Carols

ILLUSTRATED BY TREYER EVANS

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The Golden Book of Carols

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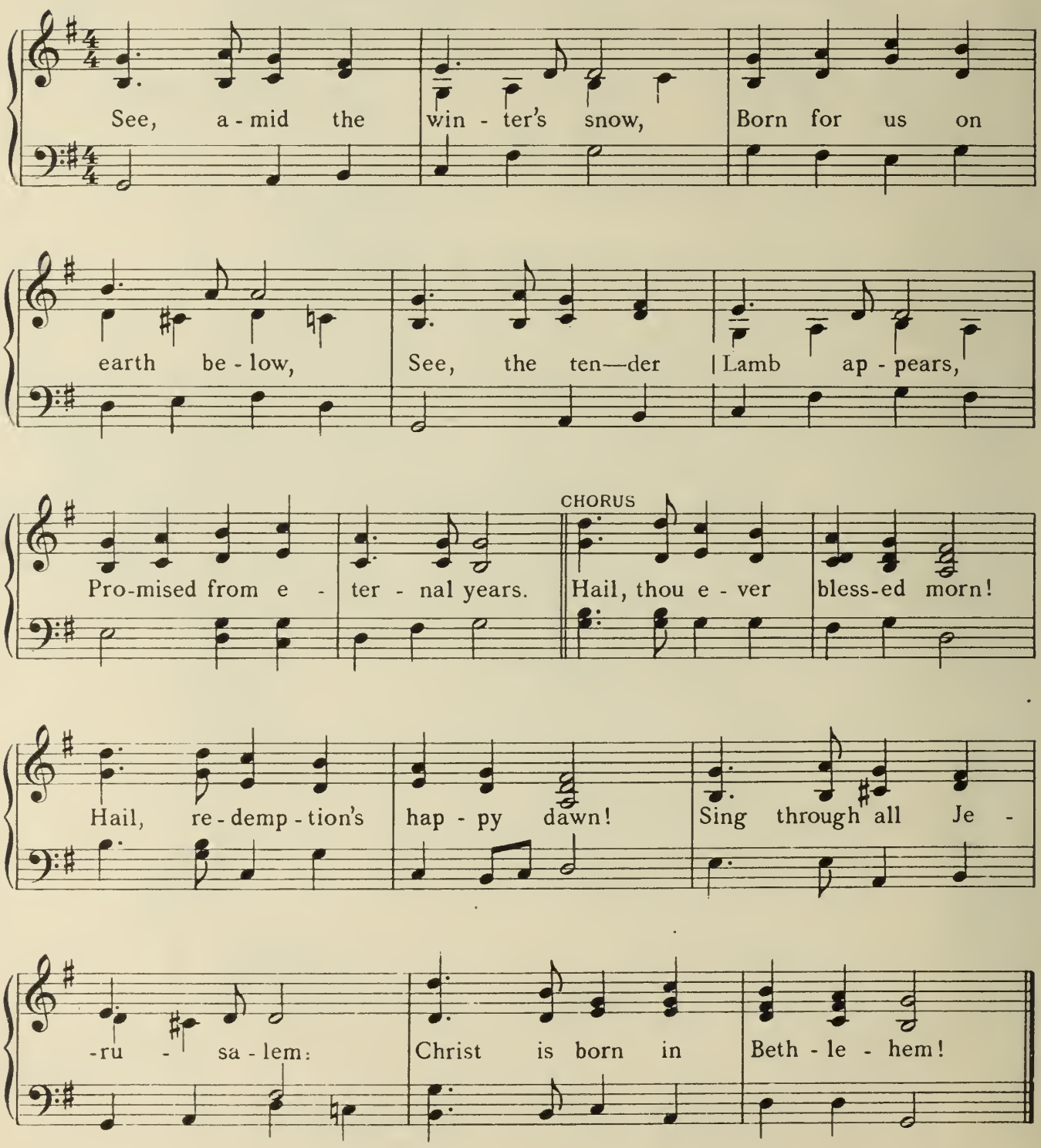
See Amid the Winter's Snow

Edward Caswall (1814-1878)

Sir John Goss (1800-1880)



Lo, within a manger lies
He who built the starry skies,
He who, throned in height sublime,
Sits amid the Cherubim. *Chorus.*

Say, ye holy shepherds say,
What your joyful news to-day :
Wherefore have ye left your sheep
On the lonely mountain steep ? *Chorus.*

As we watched at dead of night,
Lo, we saw a wondrous light :
Angels, singing peace on earth,
Told us of the Saviour's birth. *Chorus.*

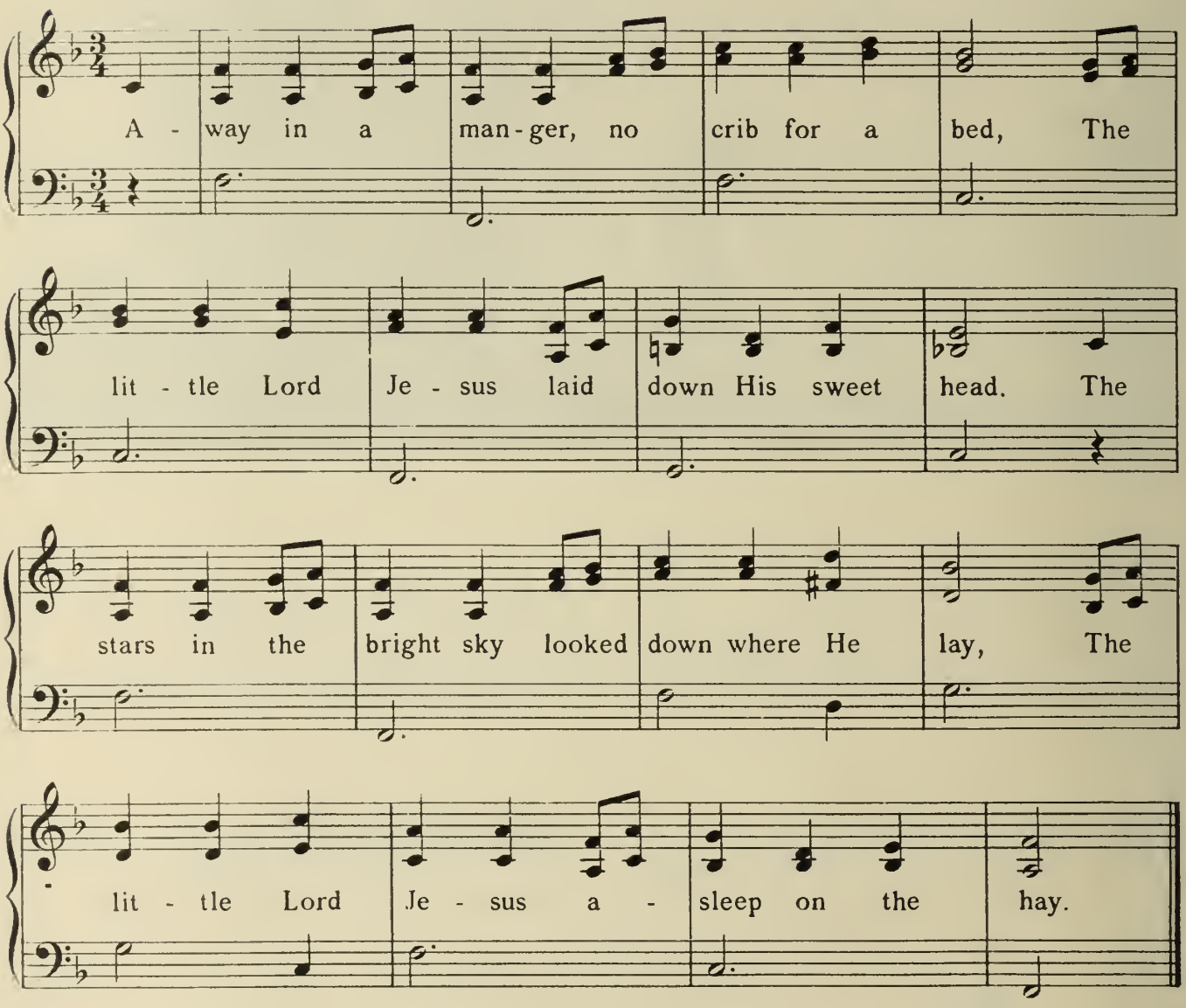
Sacred Infant, all divine,
What a tender love was Thine,
Thus to come from highest bliss
Down to such a world as this ! *Chorus.*

Teach, O teach us, holy Child,
By Thy face so meek and mild,
Teach us to resemble Thee
In Thy sweet humility. *Chorus.*

Away in a Manger

Martin Luther (1483-1546)

W J Kirkpatrick (1838-1921)



The cattle are lowing, the Baby awakes,
But little Lord Jesus no crying He makes.
I love Thee, Lord Jesus ! Look down from the sky,
And stay by my side until morning is nigh.

Be near me, Lord Jesus ; I ask Thee to stay
Close by me for ever, and love me, I pray.
Bless all the dear children in Thy tender care,
And fit us for heaven, to live with Thee there.

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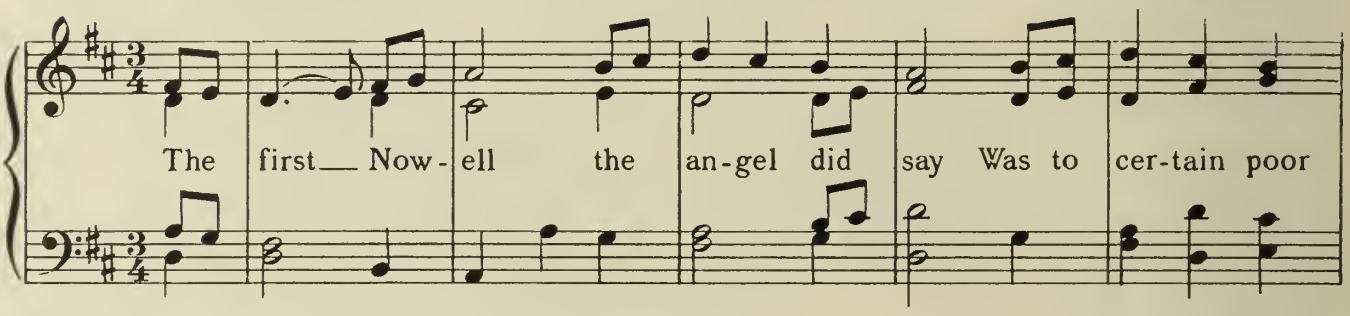
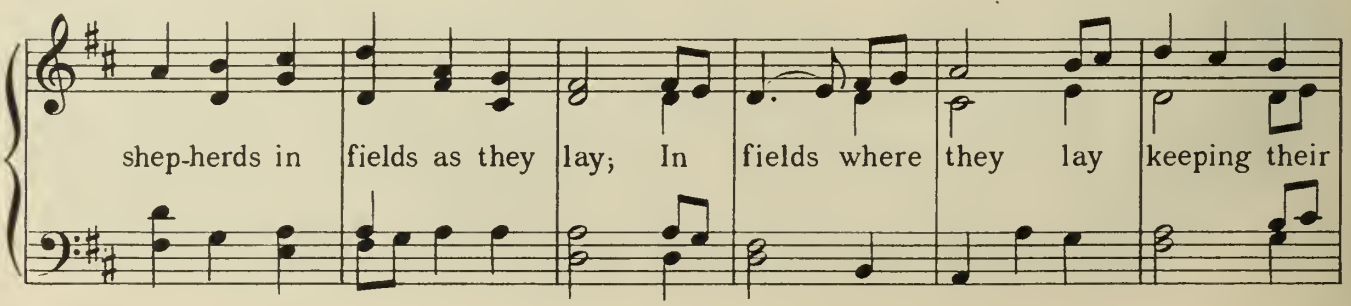
TREVER
EVANS

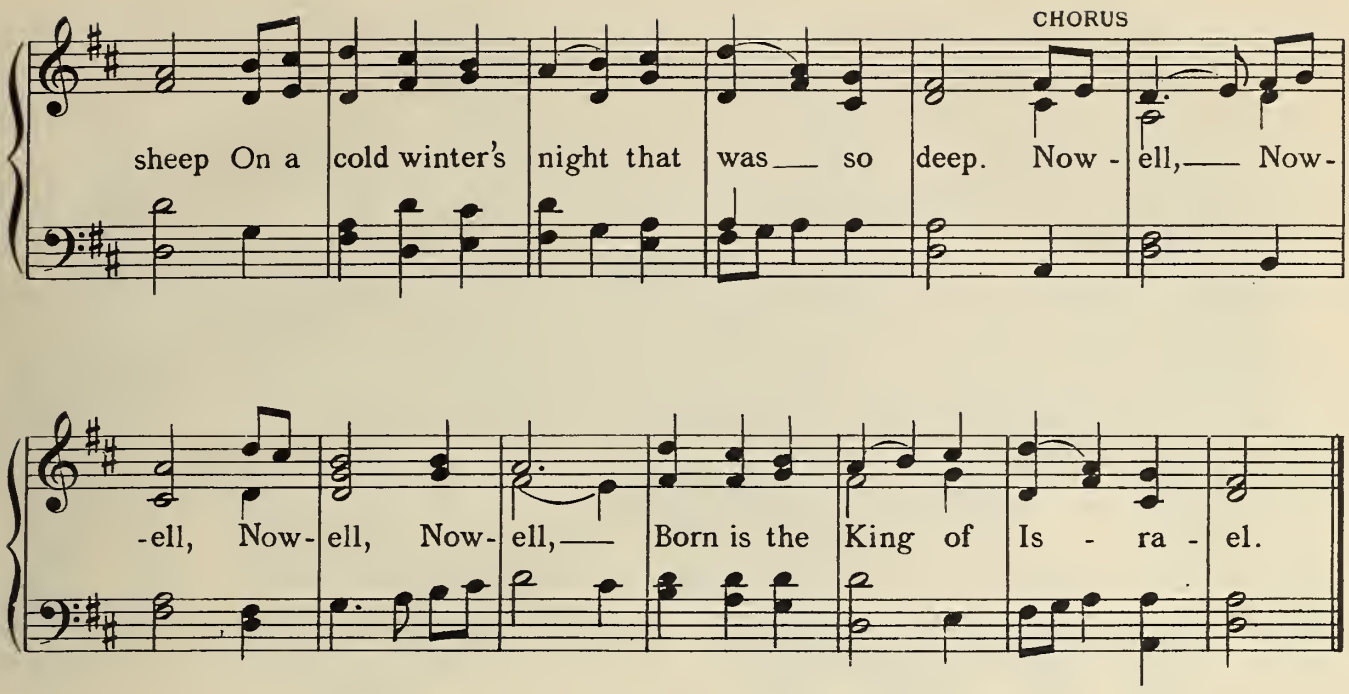
The First Nowell

Traditional

English Traditional Melody







They lookèd up and saw a star,
Shining in the East beyond them far,
And to the earth it gave great light,
And so it continued both day and night

This star drew nigh to the north-west,
O'er Bethlehem it took its rest,
And there it did both stop and stay,
Right over the place where Jesus lay.

And by the light of that same star,
Three wise men came from country far;
To seek for a King was their intent,
And to follow the star wherever it went.

Then entered in those wise men three
Fell reverently upon their knee,
And offered there, in His presence,
Their gold, and myrrh, and frankincense.

Then let us all with one accord
Sing praises to our heavenly Lord,
That hath made heaven and earth of nought,
And with His blood mankind hath bought.

God Rest You Merry, Gentlemen

Old English

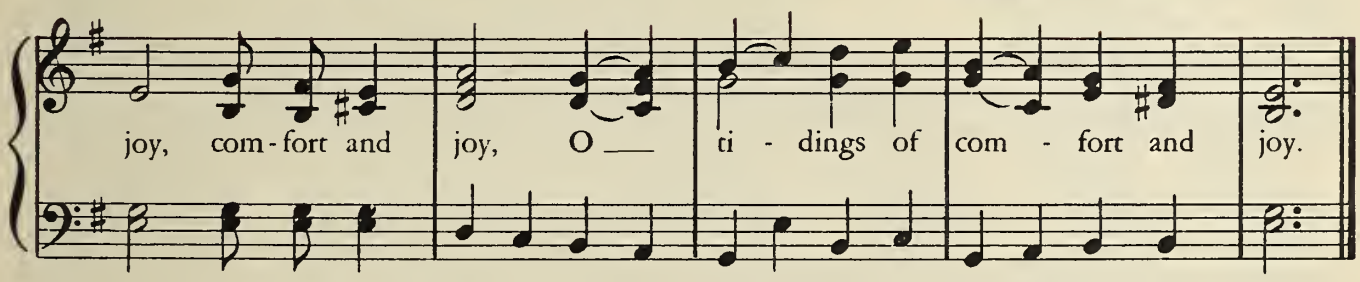
Traditional (English)

God rest you mer - ry, gen - tle - men, Let noth - ing you dis - may, For

Je - sus Christ our Sa - viour Was born on Christ-mas day, To save us all from

Chorus:

Sa - tan's power When we were gone a - stray. O — ti - dings of com - fort and



In Bethlehem in Jewry
This blessèd Babe was born,
And laid within a manger,
Upon this blessèd morn ;
The which his mother Mary
Nothing did take in scorn :

From God our heavenly Father
A blessèd angel came,
And unto certain shepherds
Brought tidings of the same,
How that in Bethlehem was born
The Son of God by name :

" Fear not," then said the angel,
" Let nothing you affright,
This day is born a Saviour,
Of virtue, power, and might ;
So frequently to vanquish all
The friends of Satan quite : "

The shepherds at those tidings
Rejoicèd much in mind,
And left their flocks a-feeding,
In tempest, storm, and wind,
And went to Bethlehem straightway
This blessèd Babe to find :

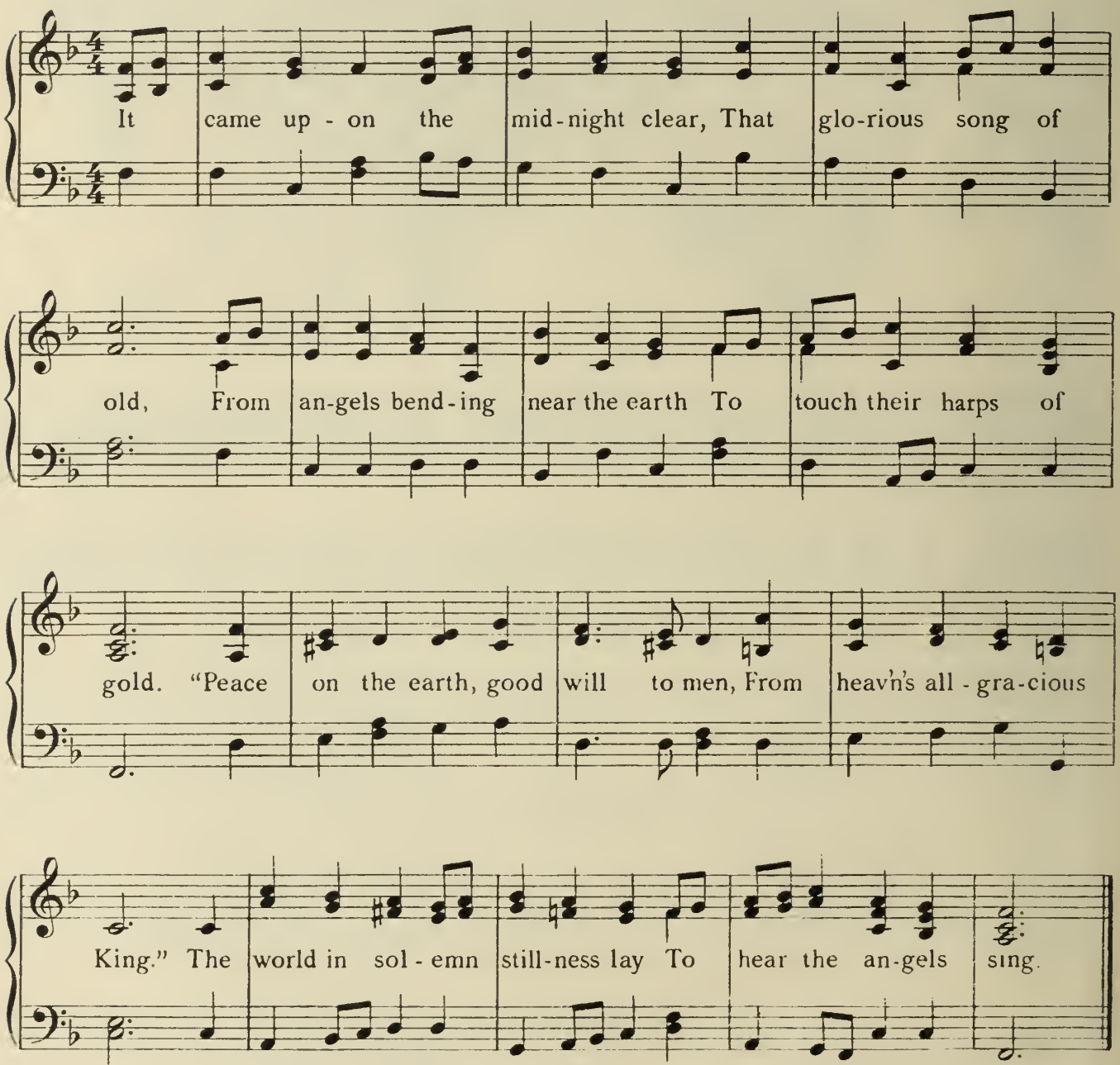
But when to Bethlehem they came,
Whereat this infant lay,
They found Him in a manger,
Where oxen feed on hay ;
His mother Mary kneeling,
Unto the Lord did pray :

Now to the Lord sing praises,
All you within this place,
And with true love and brotherhood
Each other now embrace ;
This holy tide of Christmas
All others doth deface :

It Came Upon the Midnight Clear

Edmund Hamilton Sears (1810-1876)

Traditional Air Arranged by Sir Arthur Sullivan (1842-1900) Adapted.



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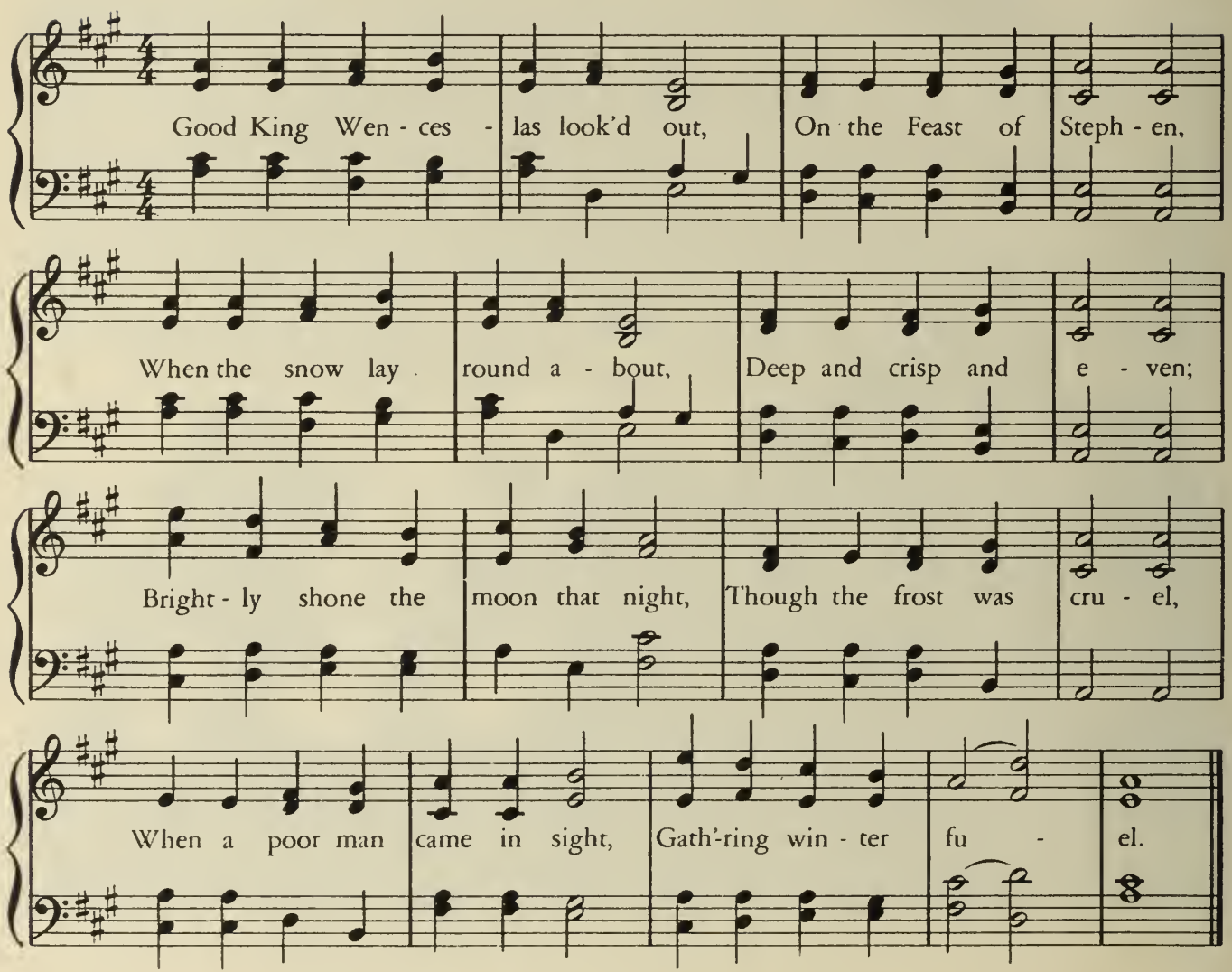
Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled,
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world :
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessèd angels sing.

For lo ! the days are hastening on,
By prophet bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold ;
When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendours fling,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

Good King Wenceslas

John Mason Neale 1818-1866

Piae Cantiones 1582



" Hither, page, and stand by me,
If thou know'st it, telling.
Yonder peasant, who is he ?
Where and what his dwelling ? "
" Sire, he lives a good league hence,
Underneath the mountain ;
Right against the forest fence,
By Saint Agnes' fountain."

" Bring me flesh, and bring me wine,
Bring me pine logs hither ;
Thou and I wilt see him dine,
When we bear them thither."

Page and monarch forth they went,
Forth they went together :
Through the rude winds' wild lament,
And the bitter weather.

" Sire, the night is darker now,
And the wind blows stronger ;
Fails my heart, I know not how,
I can go no longer."
" Mark my footsteps, my good page,
Tread thou in them boldly ;
Thou shalt find the winter's rage
Freeze thy blood less coldly."

In his master's steps he trod,
Where the snow lay dinted ;
Heat was in the very sod
Which the saint had printed.
Therefore, Christian men, be sure,
Wealth or rank possessing,
Ye who now will bless the poor,
Shall yourselves find blessing.

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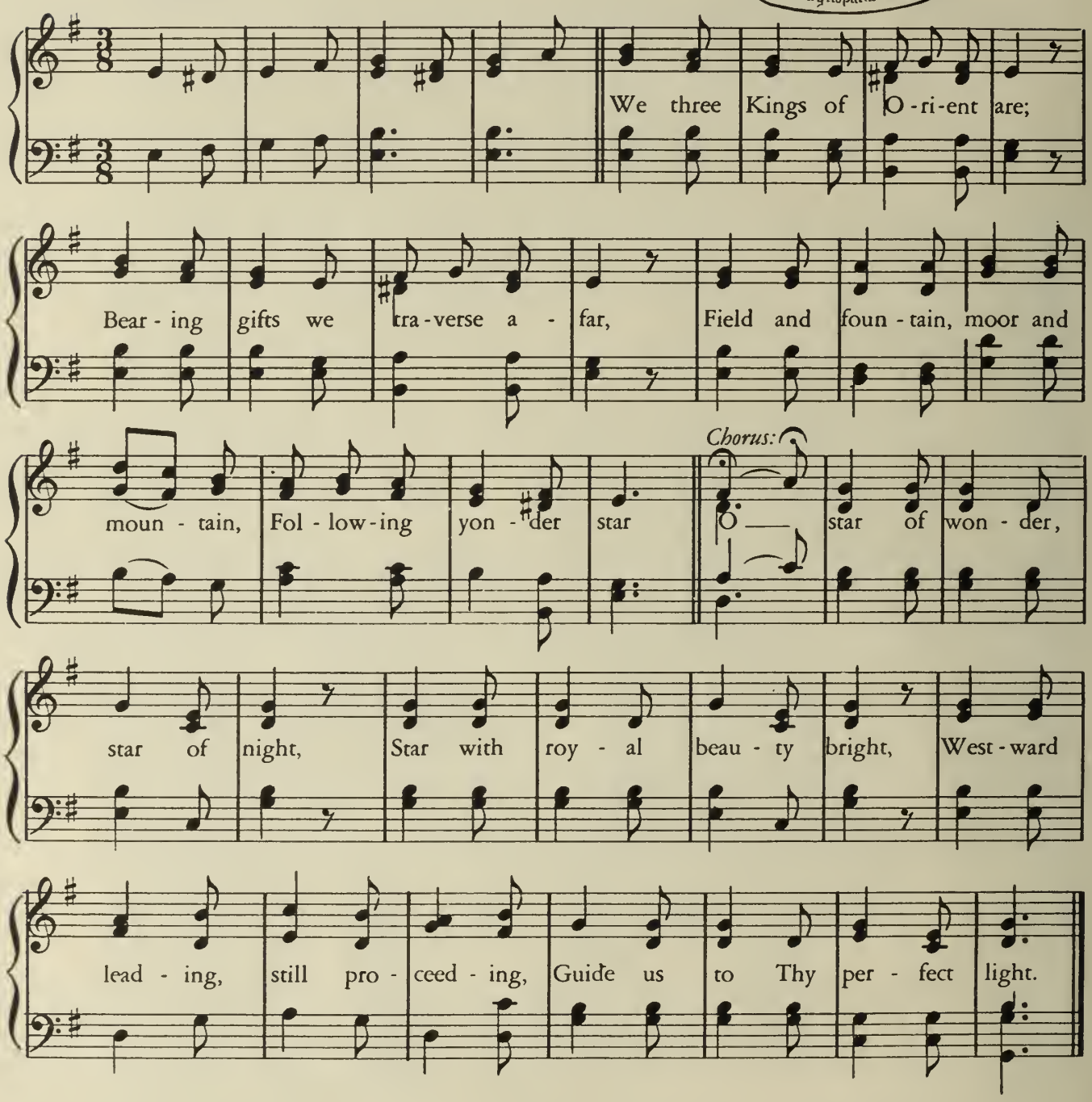
We Three Kings of Orient Are

John Henry Hopkins Jnr (1820-1891)



Melchior Born a King on Bethlehem's plain,
Gold I bring to crown Him again,
King forever, ceasing never,
Over us all to reign. *Chorus.*

Caspar. Frankincense to offer have I,
Incense owns a Deity nigh.
Pray'r and praising, all men raising,
Worship Him, God most high. *Chorus.*

Balthazar. Myrrh is mine, its bitter perfume
Breathes a life of gathering gloom.
Sorrowing, sighing, bleeding, dying,
Seal'd in the stone-cold tomb. *Chorus.*

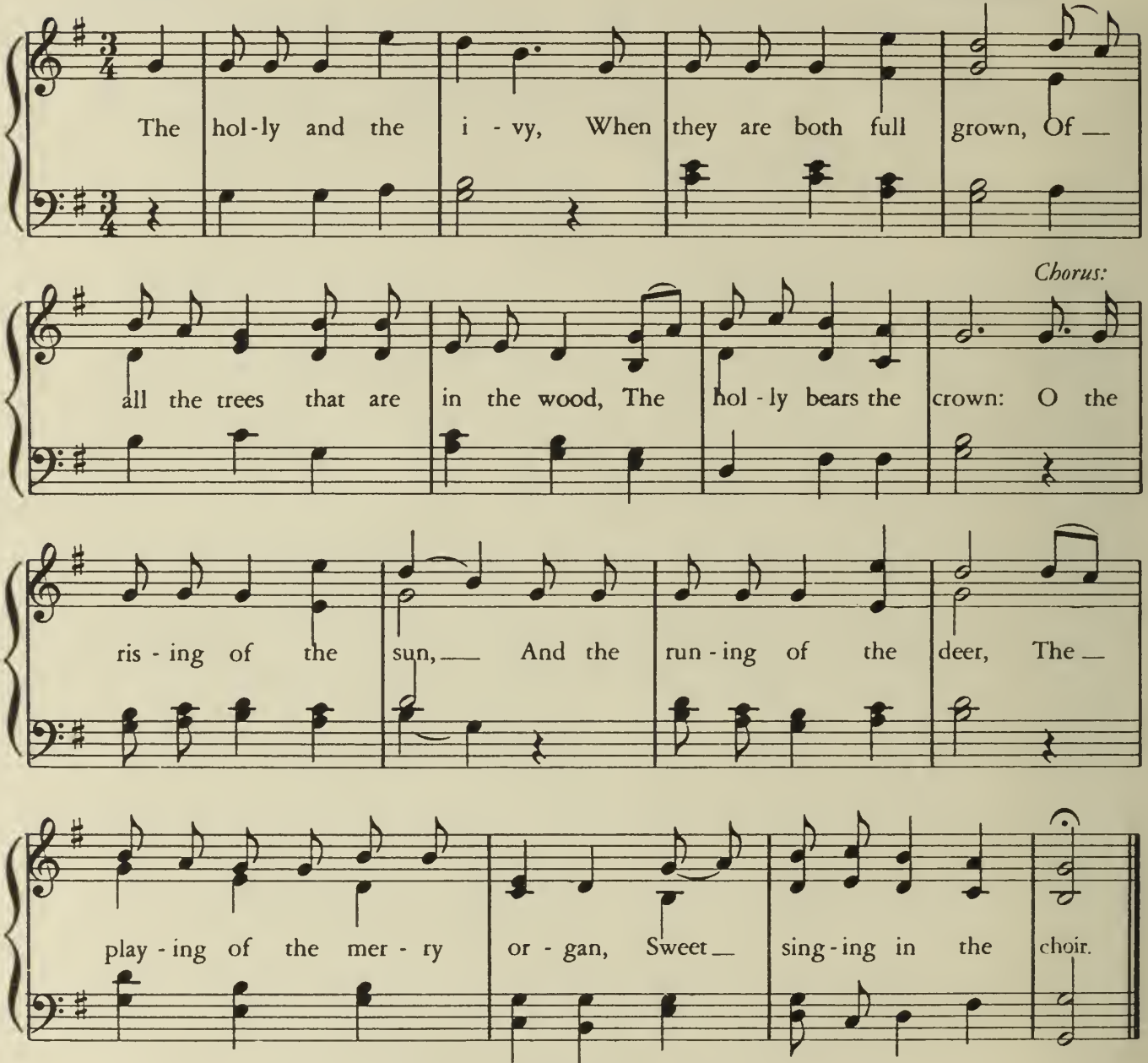
Glorious now behold Him arise,
King and God and Sacrifice,
Alleluia, alleluia,
Earth to the heav'ns replies. *Chorus.*

TREYER
EVANS

The Holly and the Ivy

Traditional

Traditional (English)



The holly bears a blossom,
As white as the lily flower,
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ,
To be our sweet Saviour : *Chorus.*

Collected by *Cecil J. Sharp*, and reproduced by permission of *Novello & Co., Ltd.*

The holly bears a berry,
As red as any blood,
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ
To do poor sinners good : *Chorus.*

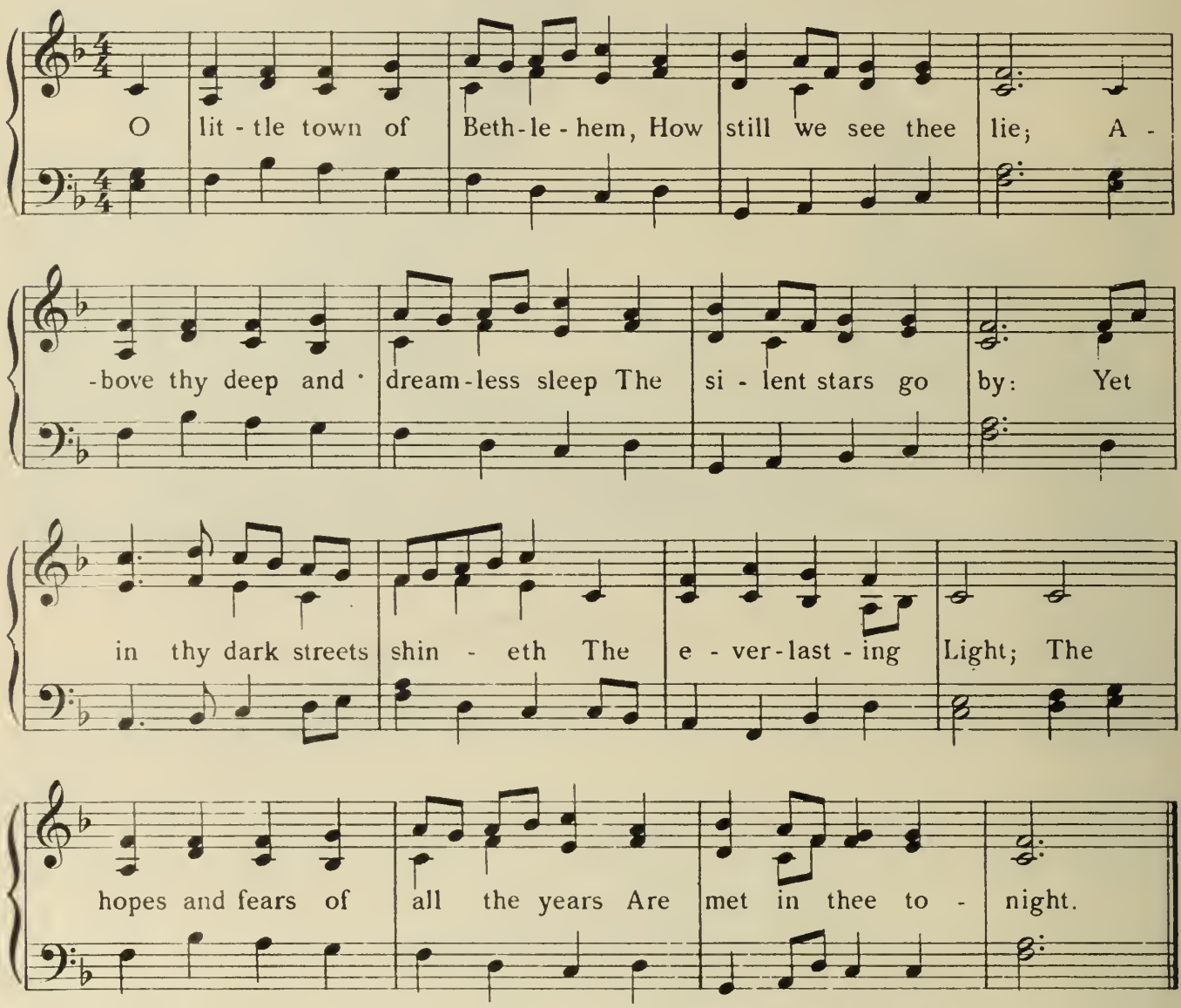
The holly bears a prickle,
As sharp as any thorn,
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ
On Christmas day in the morn : *Chorus*

The holly bears a bark,
As bitter as any gall,
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ
For to redeem us all : *Chorus.*

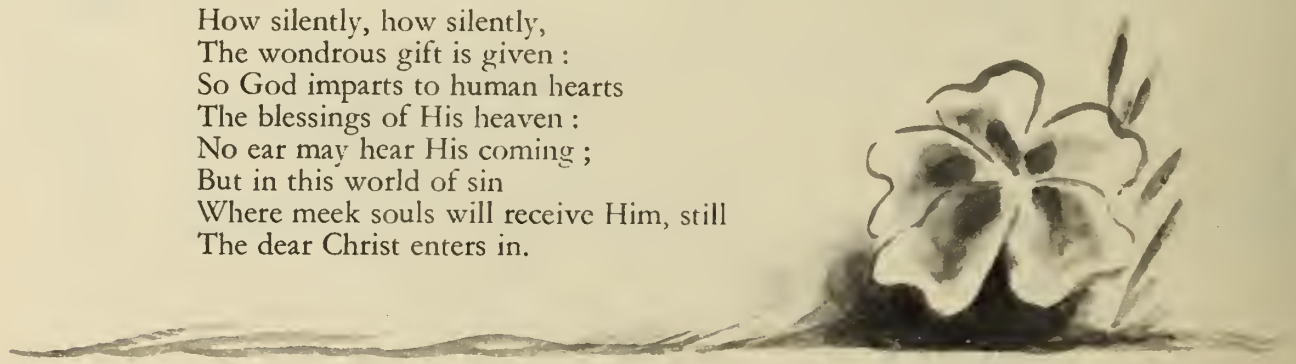
O Little Town of Bethlehem

Phillips Brooks (1835-1903)

English Traditional Melody



How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given :
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His heaven :
No ear may hear His coming ;
But in this world of sin
Where meek souls will receive Him, still
The dear Christ enters in.

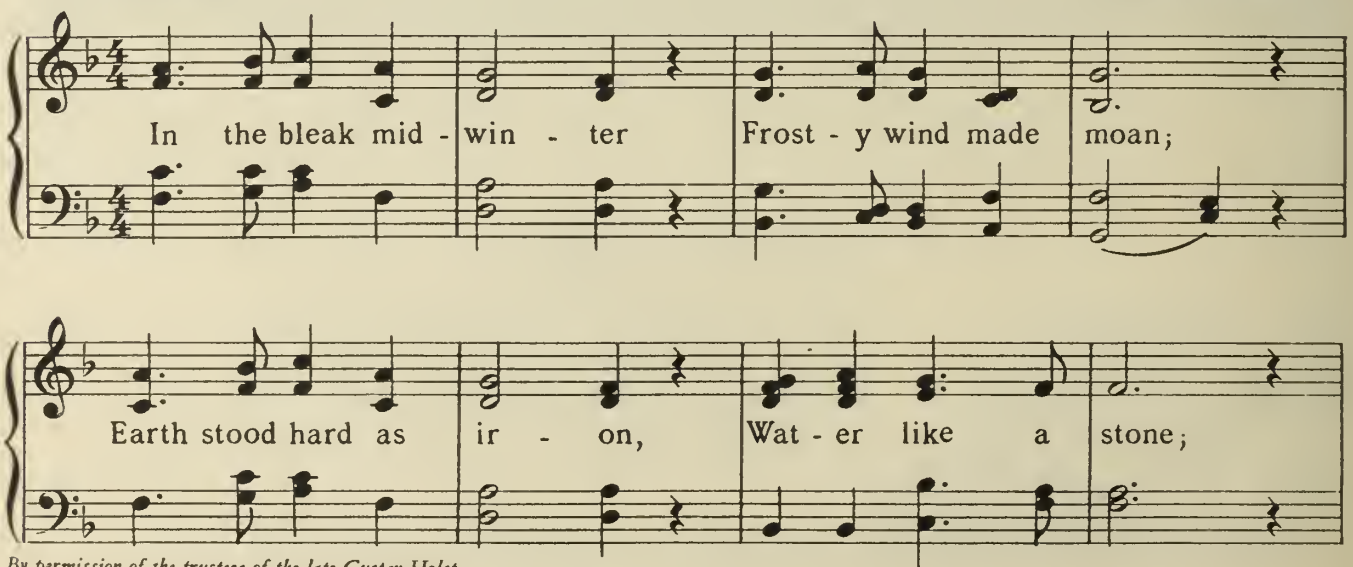


O Holy Child of Bethlehem,
Descend to us, we pray ;
Cast out our sin, and enter in,
Be born in us to-day.
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell :
O come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord, Immanuel.

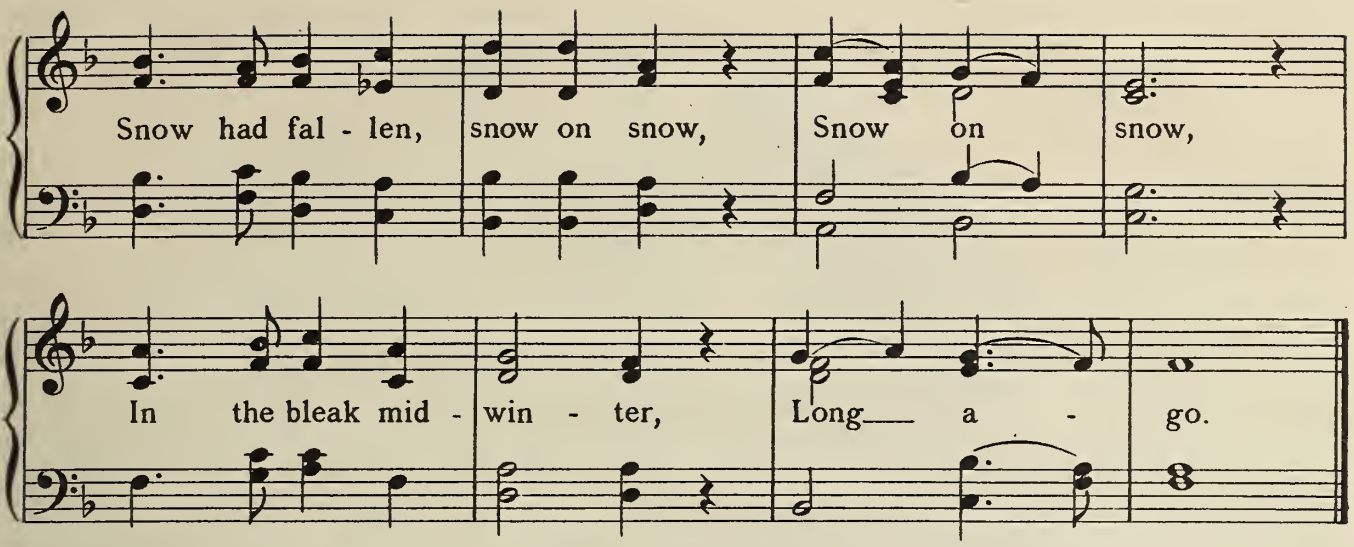
In the Bleak Mid-Winter

Christina Rossetti (1830-1894)

Gustav Holst (1874-1934) Simplified Arrangement

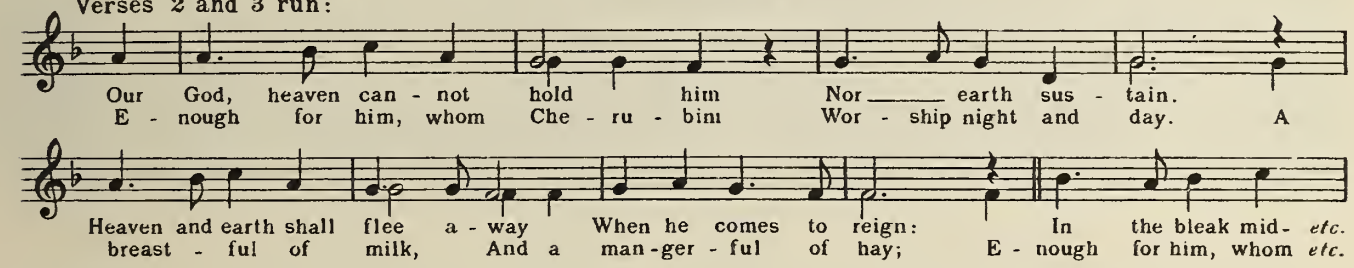


By permission of the trustees of the late Gustav Holst.



The metre of this hymn is irregular. The music can easily be adapted to the other verses

Verses 2 and 3 run:



Our God, heaven cannot hold Him
Nor earth sustain ;
Heaven and earth shall flee away
When He comes to reign :
In the bleak mid-winter
A stable-place sufficed
The Lord God Almighty,
Jesus Christ.

Enough for Him, whom Cherubim
Worship night and day,
A breastful of milk,
And a mangerful of hay ;
Enough for Him, Whom Angels
Fall down before,
The ox and ass and camel
Which adore.

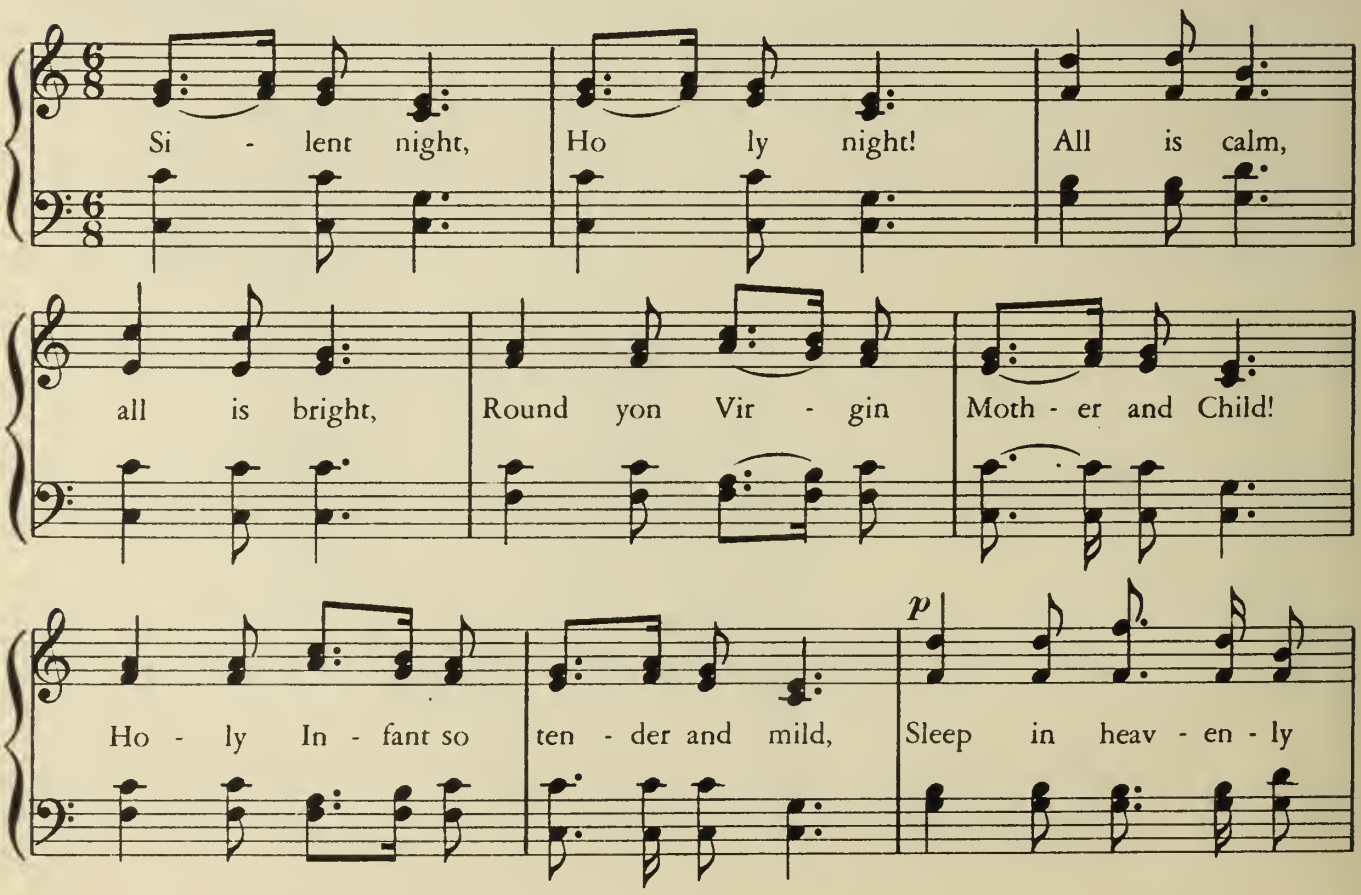
Angels and Archangels,
May have gathered there,
Cherubim and Seraphim
Thronged the air :
But only His mother
In Her maiden bliss
Worshipped the Belovéd
With a kiss.

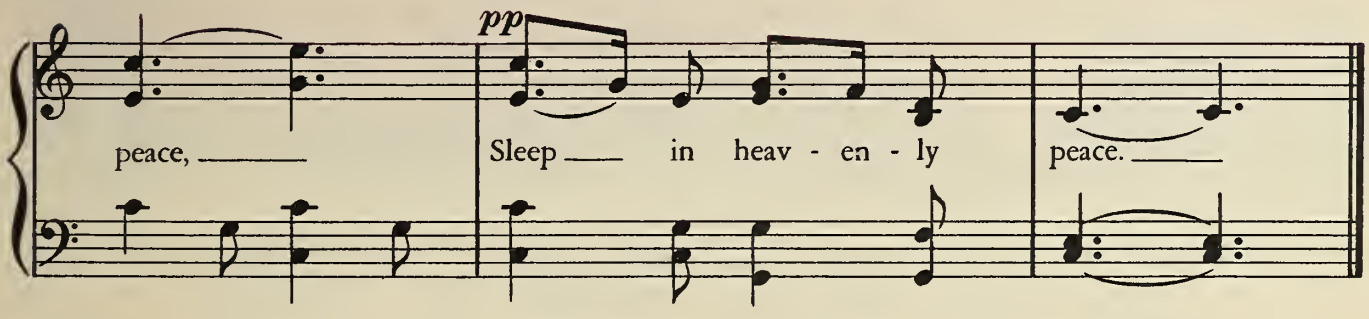
What can I give Him,
Poor as I am ?
If I were a shepherd
I would bring a lamb ;
If I were a wise man
I would do my part ;
Yet what I can I give Him—
Give my heart.

Silent Night, Holy Night

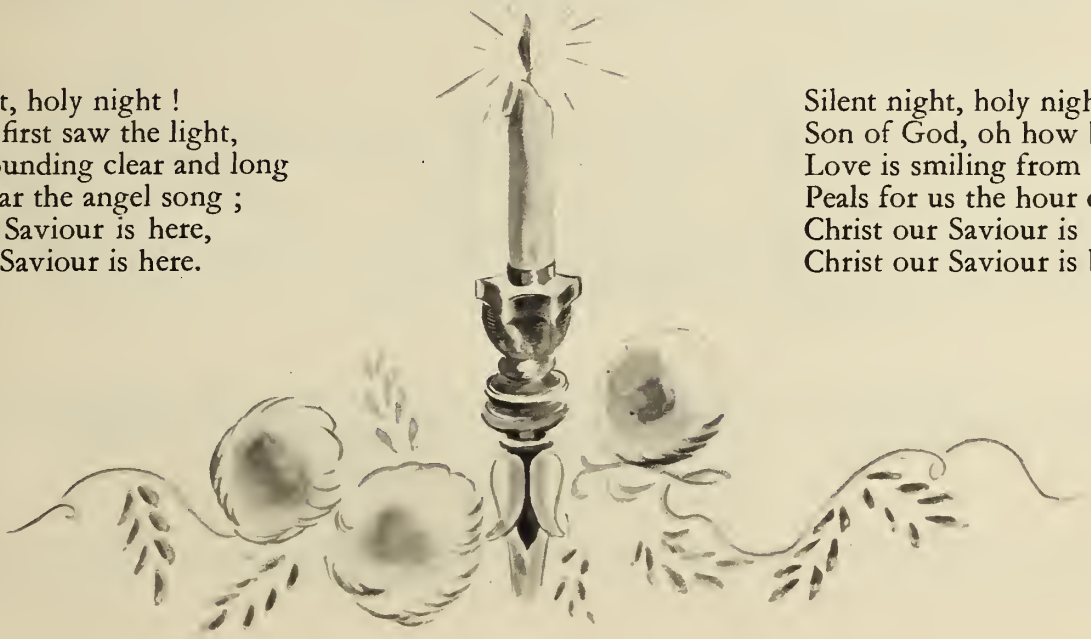
Rev. Joseph Mohr (1792-1848)

Franz Gruber (1787-1863)





Silent night, holy night !
Shepherds first saw the light,
Heard resounding clear and long
Far and near the angel song ;
Christ the Saviour is here,
Christ the Saviour is here.



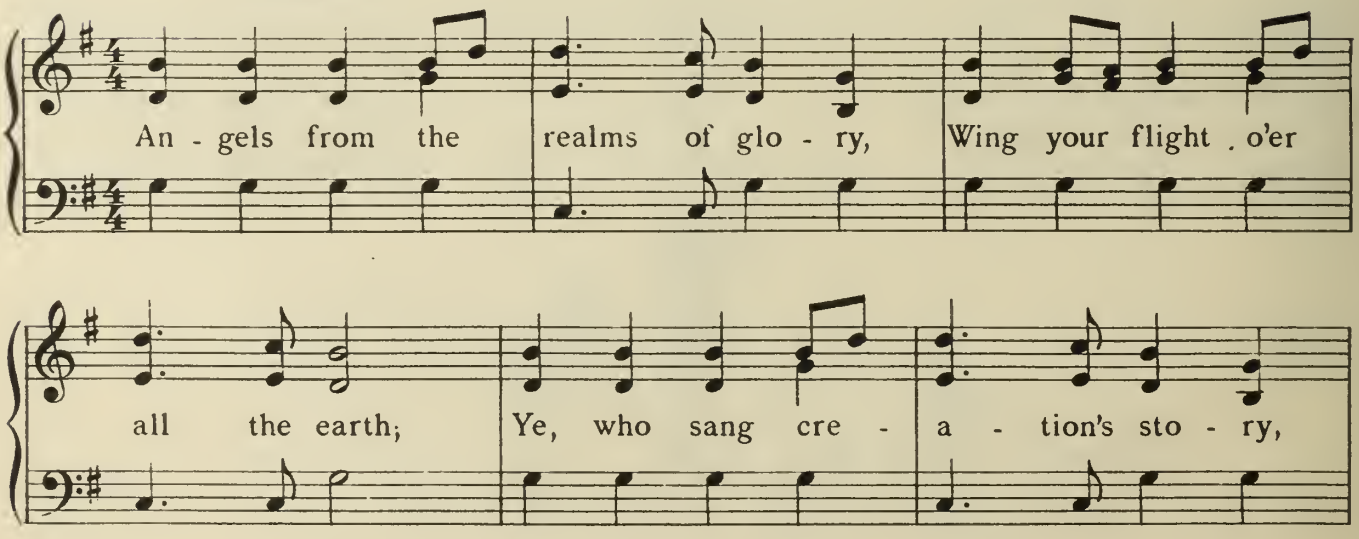
Silent night, holy night !
Son of God, oh how bright
Love is smiling from Thy face
Peals for us the hour of grace ;
Christ our Saviour is born,
Christ our Saviour is born.

Angels from the Realms of Glory

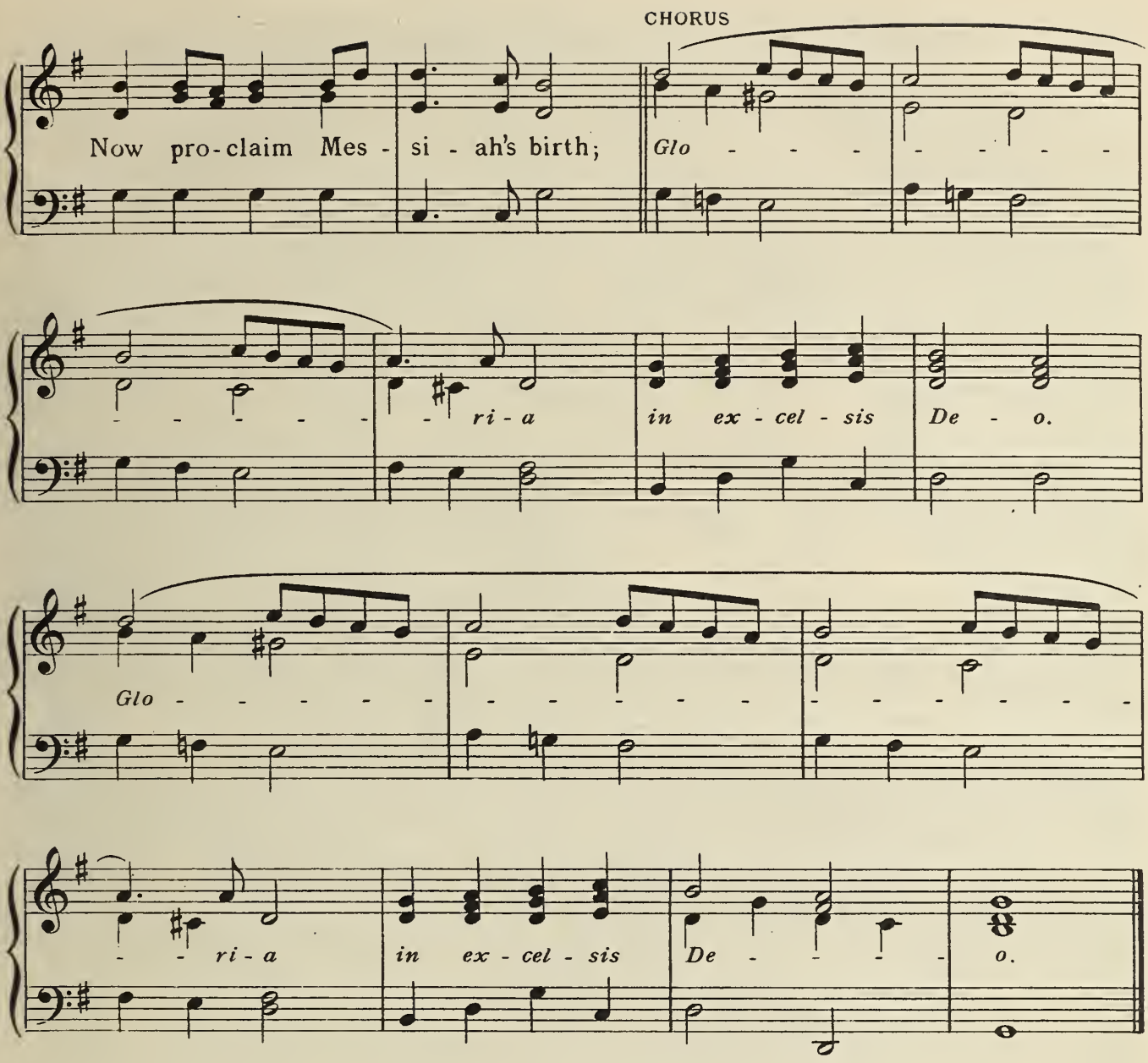
James Montgomery
(1771 - 1854)
With Chorus Altered

Gloria in Excelsis Deo

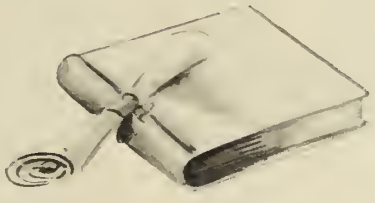
Old French Carol



CHORUS



Shepherds in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night.
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the infant light;
Gloria, *etc.*



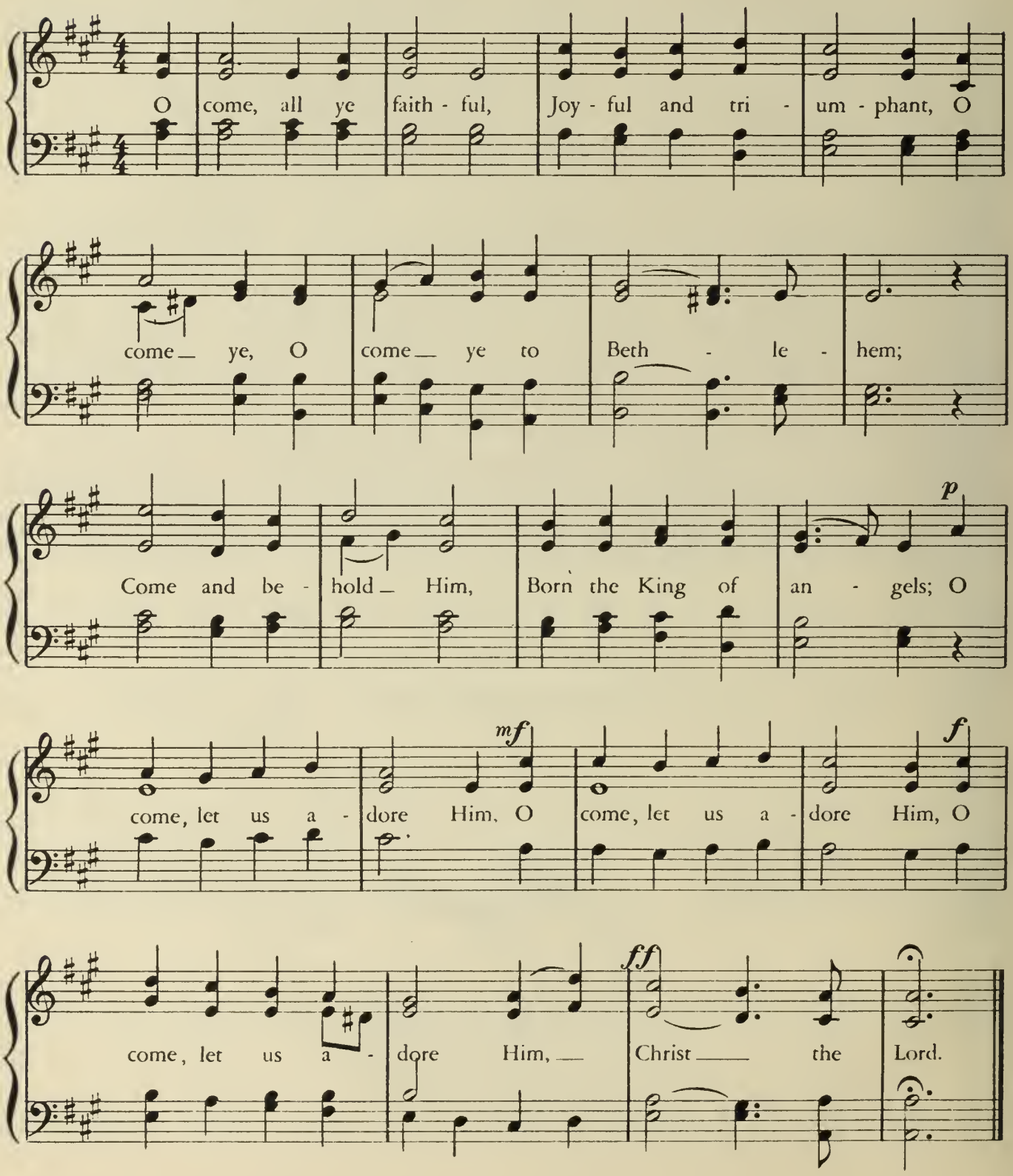
Sages, leave your contemplations;
Brighter visions beam afar;
Seek the great Desire of nations;
Ye have seen His natal star;
Gloria, *etc.*

Saints, before the altar bending,
Watching long with hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In His temple shall appear;
Gloria, *etc.*

O Come, All Ye Faithful

Latin Hymn translated by Frederick Oakley (1802 1880)

J. F. Wade's Cantus Diversi – 1751



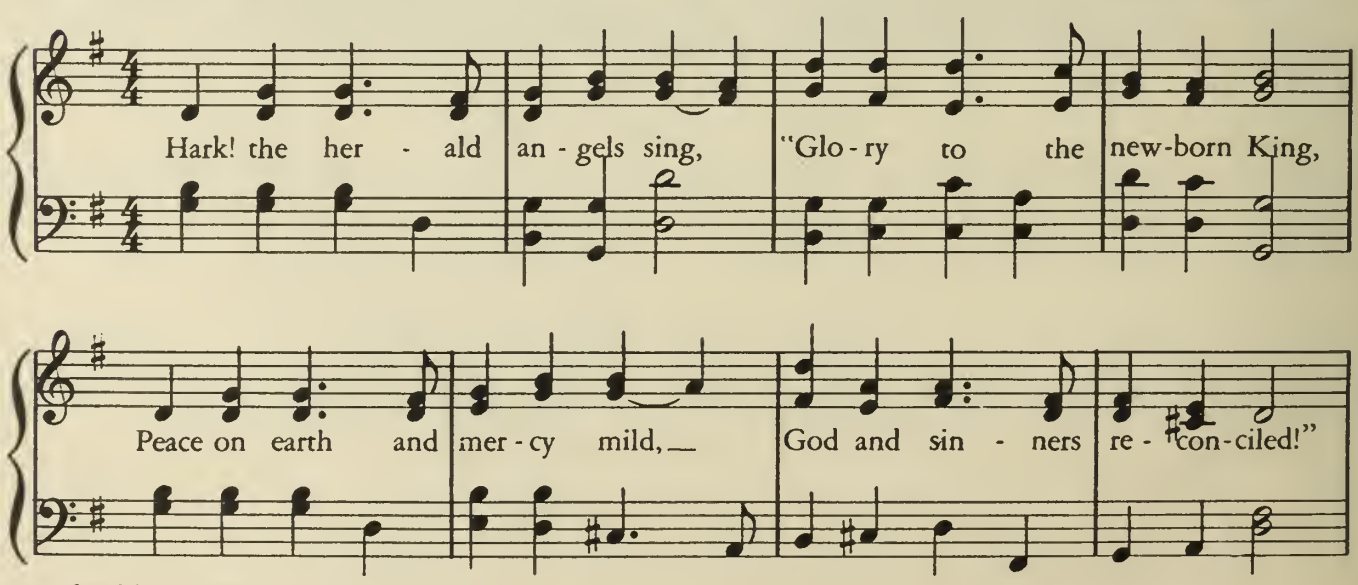
Sing, choirs of angels,
Sing in exultation,
Sing, all ye citizens of heaven above,
Glory to God
In the highest :
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

Yea, Lord, we greet Thee,
Born this happy morning ;
Jesus, to Thee be glory given,
Word of the Father,
Now in flesh appearing :
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

Hark! The Herald Angels Sing

Charles Wesley (1707-1788)

Felix Mendelssohn 1809 1847



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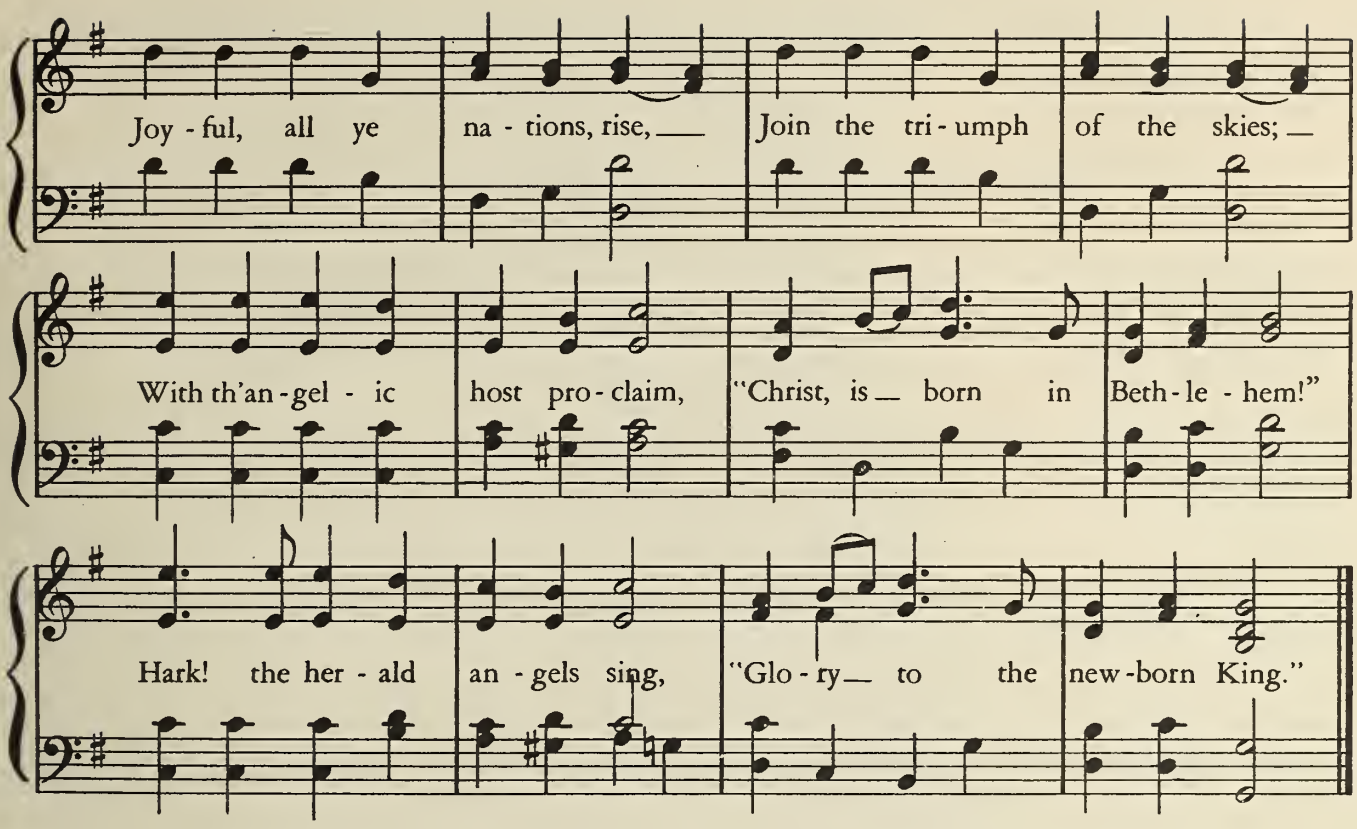


Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ, the everlasting Lord,
Late in time behold Him come
Offspring of the Virgin's womb ;
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see ;
Hail the incarnate Deity !
Pleased as man with man to dwell,
Jesus, our Emmanuel :

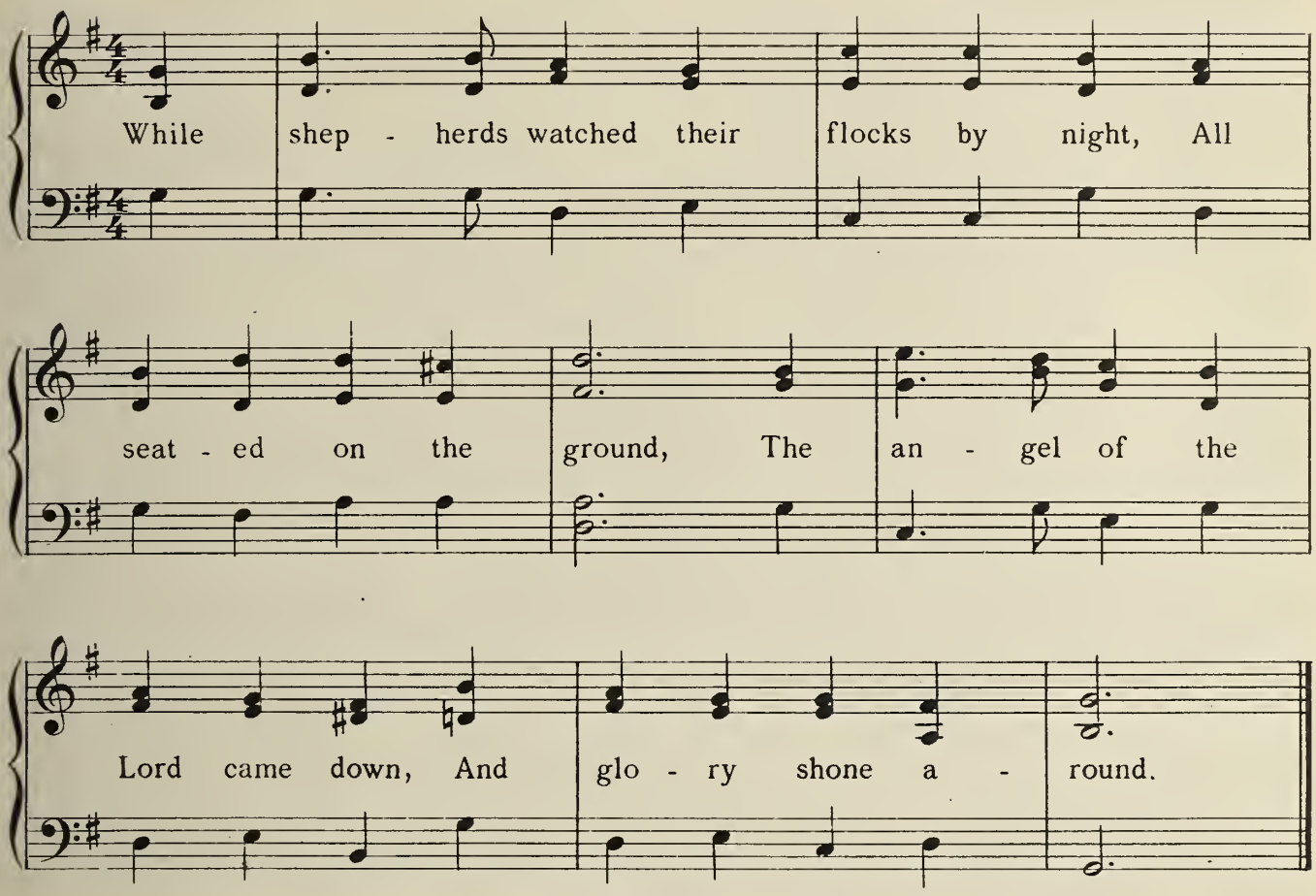
Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace !
Hail the Sun of Righteousness !
Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings ;
Mild He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.

FREYER
E. ANIS

While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks

Nahum Tate (1652-1715)

Ravenscroft's Psalter, 1621



" Fear not," said he (for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind),
" Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you, and all mankind.

" To you, in David's town, this day
Is born of David's line
A Saviour, Who is Christ the Lord ;
And this shall be the sign :

" The heavenly Babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

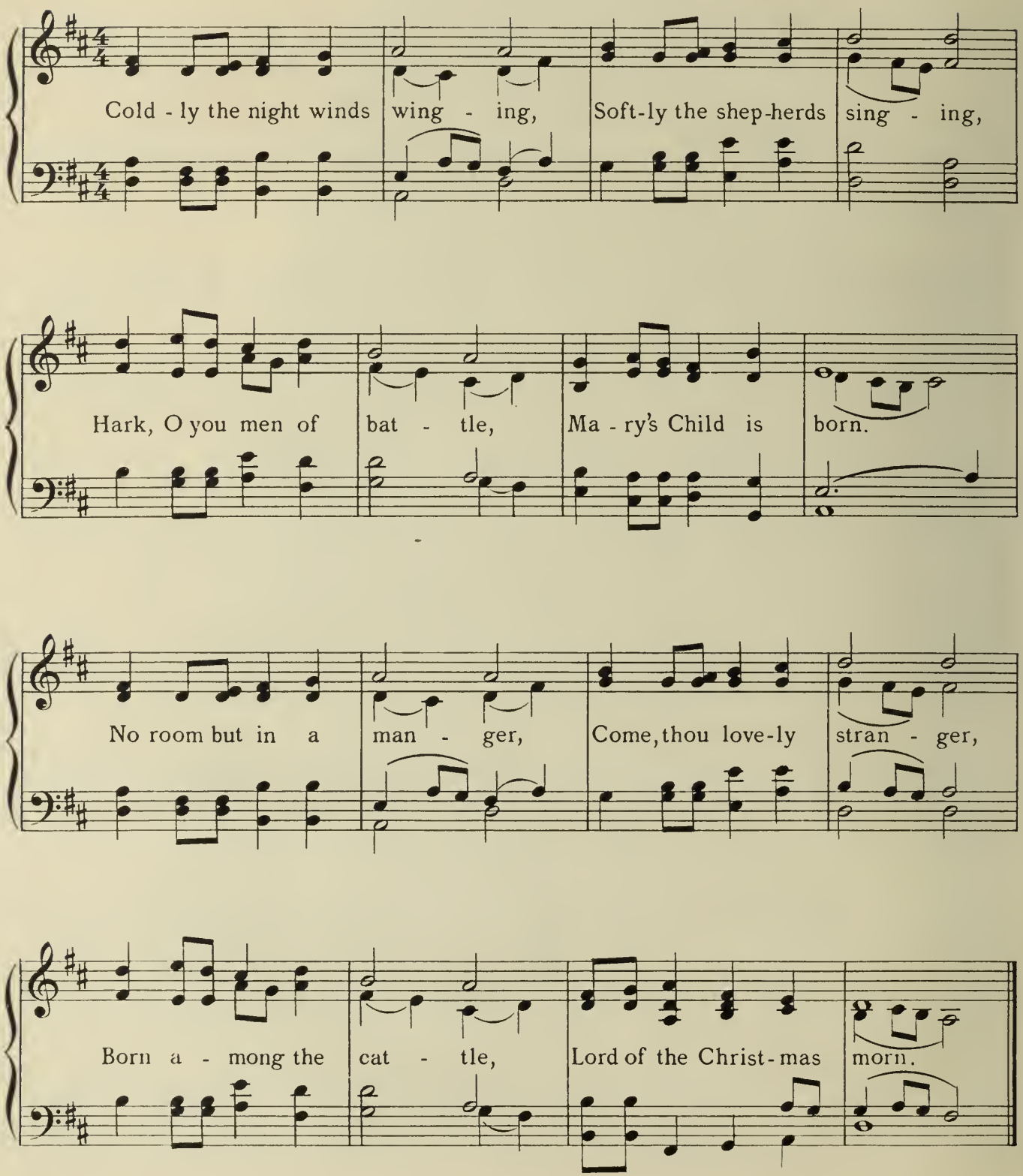
Thus spake the seraph ; and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, and thus
Addressed their joyful song :

" All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace ;
Good will henceforth from heaven to men
Begin, and never cease ! "

Workers' Carol

Morris Martin born 1910

Paul Petrocokmo born 1910

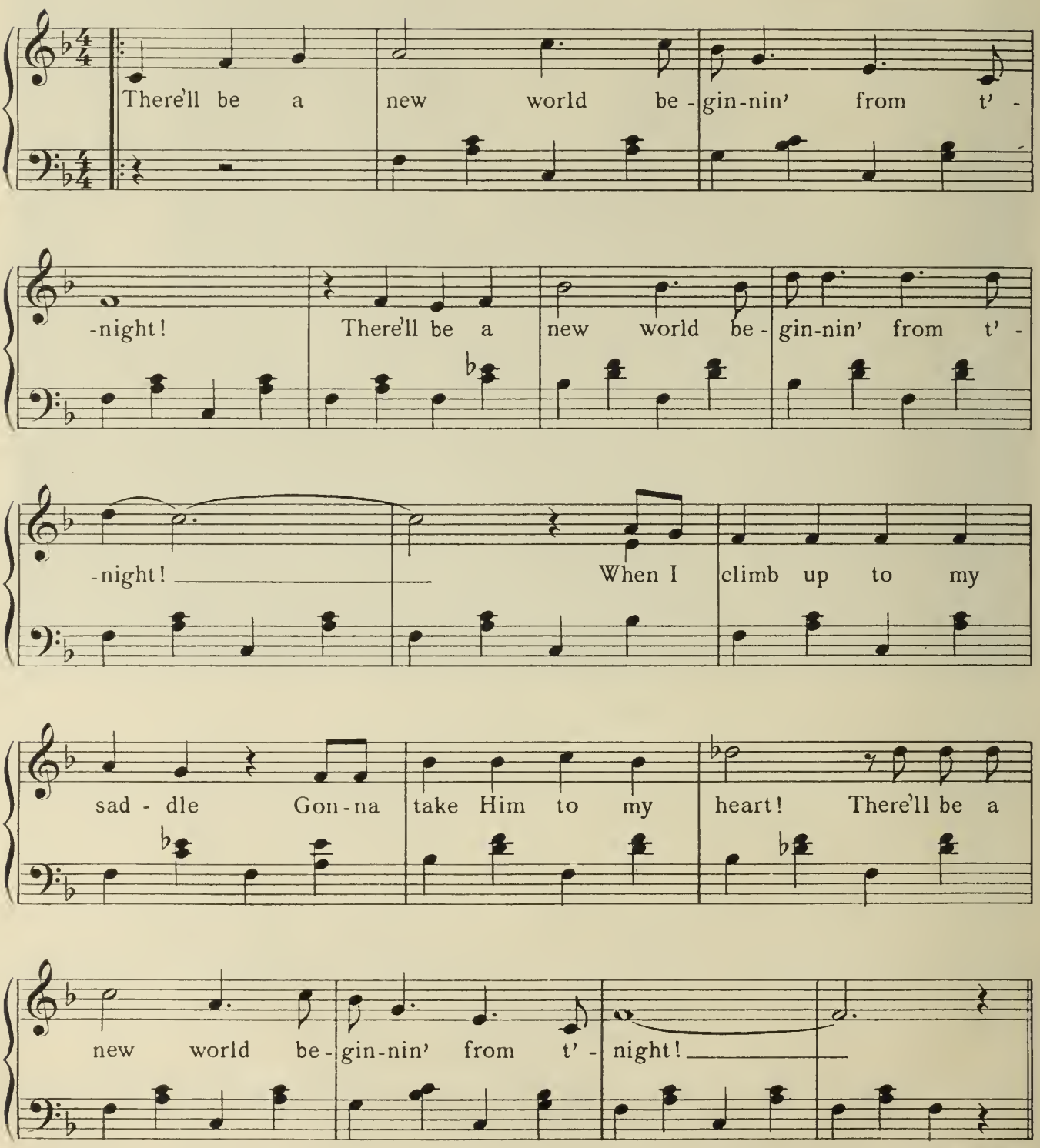


Fiercely the blast fires burning,
Ceaseless the wheels a-turning,
Have you no room, who labour
On the assembly line ?
Mary's son beside you
Brings His grace to guide you.
Yea, come Thou heavenly Neighbour,
Enter this heart of mine.

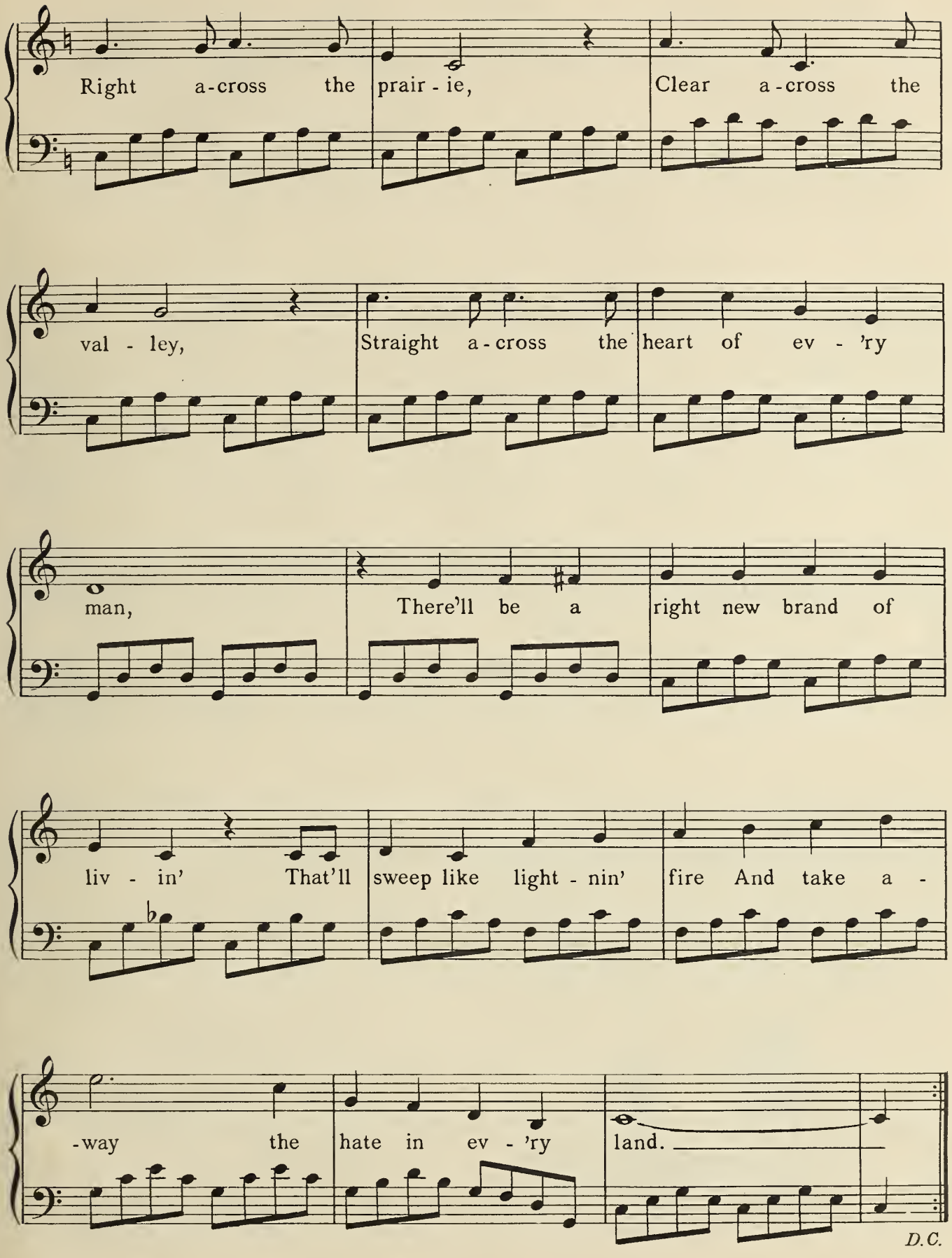
Fount of the nations' healing,
Secret of peace revealing,
Through the world's darkness lead us
Till Thy new day we see.
Crown and Cross and Cradle,
Sceptre and Scourge and Stable.
Tears and Triumph speed us
On to Thy victory !

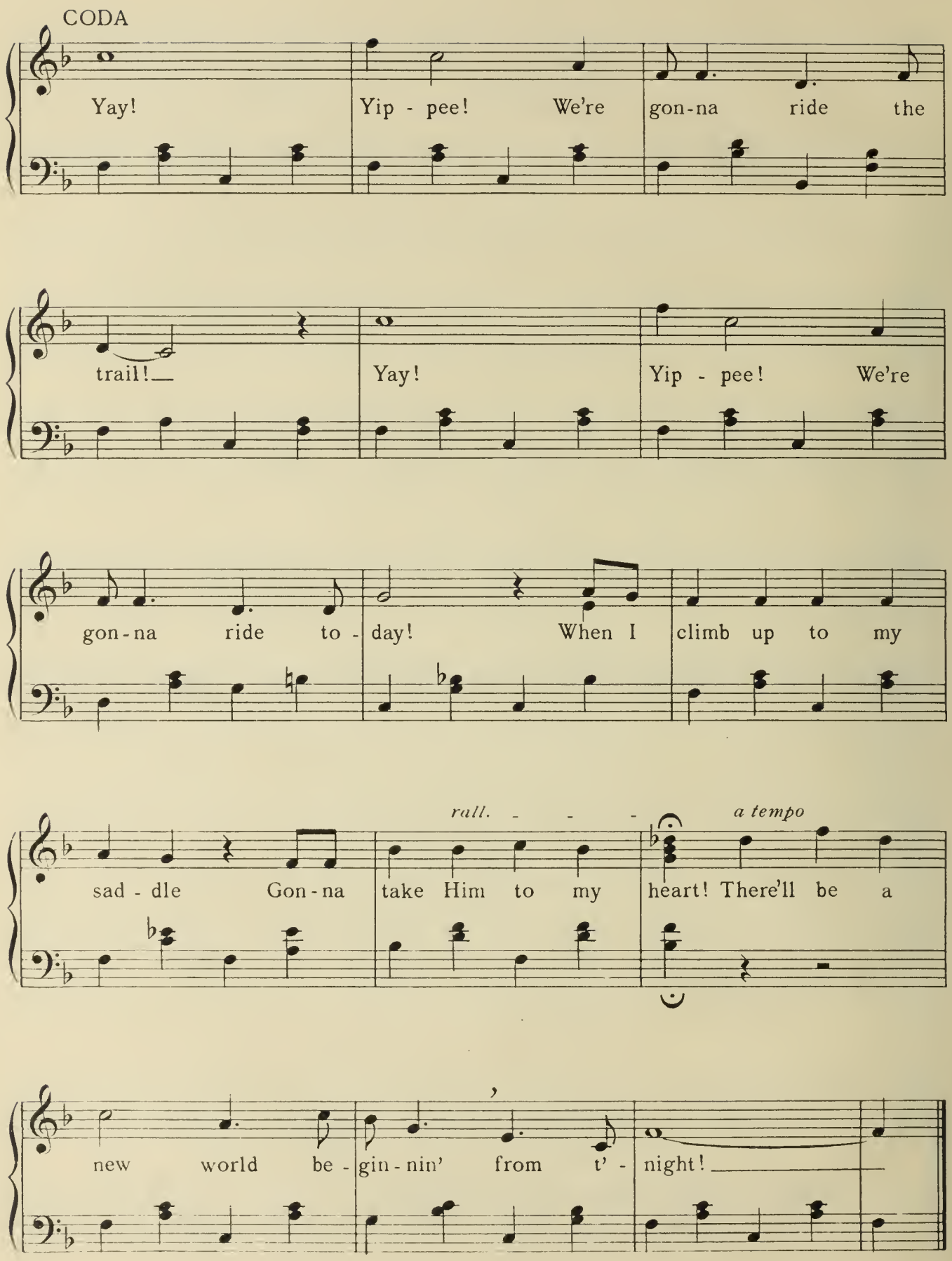
Cowboy Carol

Cecil Broadhurst (born 1908)



to Coda (2nd time)

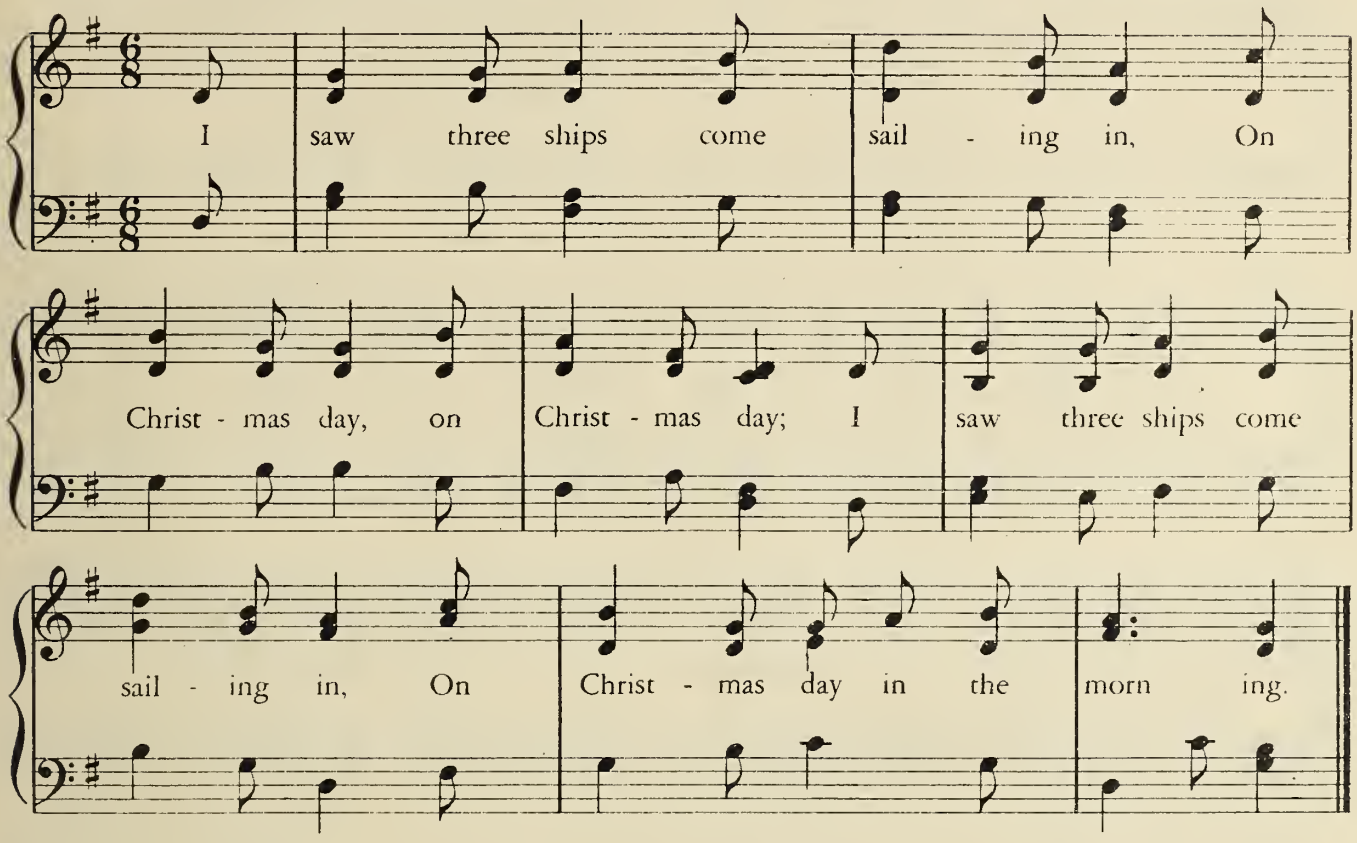

Right a-cross the prair-ie, Clear a-cross the
val-ley, Straight a-cross the heart of ev-'ry
man, There'll be a right new brand of
liv-in' That'll sweep like light-nin' fire And take a-
-way the hate in ev-'ry land.
D.C.


CODA
Yay!
Yip - pee!
We're
gon-na
ride
the
trail!
Yay!
Yip - pee!
We're
gon-na
ride
to -
day!
When I
climb up to my
sad - dle
Gon - na
take Him to my
rall.
a tempo
heart! There'll be a
new
world
be -
gin - nin'
from
t' -
night!

I Saw Three Ships

Traditional

English Traditional Melody



And what was in those ships all three?

Our Saviour Christ and his lady.

Pray, whither sailed those ships all three?

O, they sailed into Bethlehem.

And all the bells on earth shall ring,

And all the angels in Heaven shall sing,

And all the souls on earth shall sing.

Then let us all rejoice amain!

Jesus, Baby Wonderful

Henry Macnichol (born 1914)

T. Caryl Michlem (born 1925)

Je - sus, Ba - by Won - der - ful, Born a - mong the cat - tle,

Son of God, to live and die, Bear - er of our bat - tle;

All the an - guish of the world, Je - sus, Thou dost share,

Melt the cold - ness of our hearts, Teach us how to care.

Jesus, Baby Wonderful,
Kneeling here before Thee,
Token of the Father's love,
Help us to adore Thee;
Not by hardness of our wills,
Not by mental might,
On the darkness of our hearts,
Shed Thy holy light.

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